LATE AFTERNOON! MADELINE JOYCE SHOPPING IN THE CITY, MEETS WITH A MINOR ACCIDENT..

OH! MY WRIST BAND SNAPPED! I'D BETTER HURRY IF I WANT IT FIXED! STORES CLOSE ABOUT THIS TIME!

AS MADELINE HURRIES TOWARD A JEWELRY SHOP A FIGURE DRESSED IN A CHAUFFEUR'S UNIFORM, FURTIVELY TAPS A SIGNAL . . . .

ENTERING, MADELINE BUMPS INTO TWO HEAVILY VEILED FEMALE FIGURES HURRYING FROM THE STORE . . .
O-O! I BEG YOUR PARDON!
MADELINE APPROACHES A CLERK WHO SEEMS TO BE DUSTING A SHOW CASE.
RATHER RUDE, THOSE TWO OLD LADIES! DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO ANSWER ME!
EXCUSE ME, SIR! BUT COULD YOU--
SUDDENLY, THE FIGURE SAGS AND TOPPLES UNDER THE SLIGHT TAP OF MADELINE'S FINGER . .
OH!
TRUE REALIZATION OF TRAGEDY DAWNS ON THE BEWILDERED GIRL.
HE'S DEAD! AND SO ARE THE OTHERS IN THE STORE!
SUDDENLY . .
A HOLDUP! THE STORE'S BEEN STRIPPED CLEAN! OUCH! O-O-O-O-O!

SOMETIME LATER, MADELINE REGAINS HER SENSES!
SHE'S OKAY! AND VERY FORTUNATE THAT THE BLOW WAS A GLANCING ONE!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!
TWO OLD LADIES WITH VEILS, YOU SAY? THAT CLINCHES IT! NOW WE CAN SOLVE THESE JEWEL HOLDUPS AND MURDERS!
YOU MEAN THIS ISN'T THE FIRST? AND YOU KNOW THOSE TWO OLD LADIES?
TWO HOLDUPS BEFORE THIS—SIX OTHER VICTIMS IN THE SAME SET-UP!
THE OLD LADIES ARE THE FAMOUS WARDEN SPINSTER SISTERS! QUEER OLD BIRDS WHOSE HOBBY IS RUMMAGING IN JEWELRY SHOPS! NEVER COULD ACTUALLY CATCH THEM AT THE MURDER SCENE! BUT KNOW THEY WERE IN THE STORE SOMETIME PRIOR TO EACH CRIME!
POLICE LAB DIAGNOSED DEATHS AS SOME KIND OF GAS THAT FREEZES THE VICTIM IN WHATEVER POSITION HE IS WHEN GAS IS INHALED!
VERY CLEVER! PEOPLE LOOKING INTO THE STORE WOULD NEVER DREAM A HOLDUP WAS IN PROGRESS!
CALL THE WESTCHESTER PRECINCT! TELL 'EM TO SEND A COUPLA MEN OUT TO THE VARDEN ESTATE TO PICK UP THE TWO SISTERS!
HMN! WESTCHESTER IS A LONG WAY FROM HERE!

WATCHING HER CHANCE, MADELINE JOYCE SLIPS OUT OF THE STORE, INTO THE BUILDING AND TO THE ROOF! A MOMENT LATER, HER FAMOUS COUNTERPART IS ZOOMING INTO THE AIR, WITH A DEFINITE PLAN IN MIND.
DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS 'OUT' FROM THAT BLOW! I MAY CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH HOME OR CAN GET RID OF THE LOOT!
USING HER TREMENDOUS SPEED, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS OVER AND OUT OF THE CITY, HER EYES SEARCHING THE ROADS LEADING TO THE VARDEN ESTATES . . .
NO SIGN OF THE LONG BLACK CAR THE POLICE DESCRIBED! I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN THE GARAGE FIRST! MAYBE THEY DIDN'T GET BACK YET!
THAT'S THE CAR! MUST'VE BEEN OUT LONGER THAN I THOUGHT! WONDER WHERE I SAW THAT CHAUFFEUR BEFORE?
MISS AMERICA QUICKLY LOCATES THE SITTING ROOM OF THE VARDEN SISTERS IN THE RAMBLING OLD MANSION . .
PLAYING POSSUM, EH? HERE'S WHERE TWO OLD GIRLS GET A RUDE AWAKENING!
I DO DECLARE! THE FAMOUS MISS AMERICA! EXCUSE US - WE ARE HAVING OUR USUAL AFTER-LUNCH NAP!
HOW NICE TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED GUEST!
GRACIOUS WE OVERSLEPT AGAIN!
RATHER LONG NAP, JUDGING FROM THE TIME!
DEAR ME! IS IT THAT LATE?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DENY BUMPING ME, IN GORHAM'S JEWELRY STORE!
BUMPING YOU? DID WE, SISTER?
WE WERE IN GORHAM'S THIS MORNING, BUT I DON'T RECALL!
THIS MORNING! YOU MEAN THIS AFTERNOON! AT FIVE TO BE EXACT!
OH! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! IT WAS THIS MORNING!
I'LL RING FOR THOMAS! HE'LL KNOW!
SUDDENLY, THE ALERT MIND OF MISS AMERICA, CLICKS INTO HIGH GEAR AS HER EYES FALL UPON AN OLD FASHIONED BAG.
THAT HANDBAG!
IT WAS THIS MORNING! NOW I REMEMBER! THAT NICE MR. PETERS SOLD US THAT DARLING SILVER CAKE FORK! WHERE IS IT! I HAD IT--
YES! OF COURSE, MISS ABIGAIL!
THOMAS? WASN'T IT THIS MORNING YOU DROVE US TO GORHAM'S?
NOW I KNOW WHERE I SAW HIM! IN THE GORHAM DOORWAY!
TO YOUR GARAGE TO CHECK THAT BLACK LIMOUSINE! SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF SOONER.
MY WORD!
GOOD GRIEF! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OF COURSE! WE BOTH HAVE ONE JUST LIKE IT!
IS THAT THE BAG YOU CARRIED THIS MORNING AT GORHAM'S?
WHY-- WHY-- YES!

FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT THOSE TWO OLD DEARS WERE PUTTING ON AN ACT! UNTIL I SAW THEIR BAGS, WHICH AREN'T THE ONES THE WARDEN SIS-TERS CARRIED WHEN THEY BUMPED ME!
THOUGHT SO! THIS CAR HAS BEEN USED! THE HOOD IS STILL WARM! SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE'S BUSY UP-STAIRS!
MEANWHILE IN THE ROOMS OVER THE GARAGE . . .
YOU, AGNES! GET THE HATS AND COATS BACK IN THE CLOSET! AND YOU HIDE ALL THE CHEMICAL JUNK!
I'LL HIDE THIS! WE'RE SUNK IF MISS AMERICA FINDS ANY OF THESE THINGS HERE! WHAT THE--?
DID I HEAR MY NAME?
I'LL NEED THIS STUFF AS EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU MURDERING SNAKES!
OH-OH! DON'T BE IMPATIENT! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

THIS SHOULD SPOIL YOUR AIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO STOP AGNES, WHO SEEMS ANXIOUS TO DESERT OUR LITTLE GATHERING!
SORRY, SISTER! HATE TO DO THIS, BUT YOU INVITED IT!
JUST A PASSING GREETING, WHILE I COLLAR THE BRAIN OF THIS MURDER OUTFIT!
YOU SEEMED ANXIOUS TO GET OUT - SO I'LL HELP YOU! BESIDES YOU'LL SUPPLY THE MISSING ANSWERS ONCE I HAVE YOU HIGH ENOUGH!
Y-E-OW-W!
ONCE THE SISTERS ARE BACK HOME, THEY ARE SERVED DRUGGED TEA! THE BUTLER AND MAID, DRESSED AS SISTERS, HURRY BACK TO THE STORE! TIMING THEIR ARRIVAL WITH THE HOUR THEY KNOW THE GAS CAPSULE HAS MELTED AND RELEASED THE DEADLY GAS!
YEAH! BUT WHY WEREN'T THEY KILLED BY THE GAS?
THE ANSWER TO THAT IS -- THOSE SMALL MASKS ATTACHED UNDER THE VEILS OF THE TWO KILLERS WHO POSED AS TWO DEAR INNOCENT OLD SISTERS!
LATER..
SLICKEST SET-UP IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE! CHAUFFEUR CARRIES DEADLY GAS UNDER AUTO ROBE, WHILE ACCOMPANYING THE REAL SISTERS ON THEIR TRIPS!
THE END

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FEBRUARY
NO. 69
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